

Double Dog Dare by Losersclubreject

Category: IT (Movies - Muschietti), IT - Stephen King

Genre: Body Horror, Boys Kissing, Canon-Typical Violence, Connor and Richie have a summer fling, Drunken Kissing, Drunkenness, Eddie Kaspbrak Loves Richie Tozier, F/M, IT - Freeform, Implied Sexual Content, Kissing, Knives, M/M, Making Out, Mike Halon loves Richie Tozier, Mild Sexual Content, Nightmares, One-Sided Attraction, Richie Tozier Loves Eddie Kaspbrak, Sleepovers, Sloppy Makeouts, Some Plot, Underage Drinking, Underage Kissing, Violence, angst with no happy end, no happy ending

Language: English

Characters: Ben Hanscom, Beverly Marsh, Bill Denbrough, Connor Bowers, Eddie Kaspbrak, Georgie Denbrough, Henry Bowers, Mike Hanlon, Patrick Hockstetter, Richie Tozier, Stanley Uris

Relationships: Ben Hanscom & Beverly Marsh, Ben Hanscom/Beverly Marsh, Ben Hanscom/Beverly Marsh (background), Connor Bowers/Richie Tozier

Status: Completed

Published: 2019-12-04

Updated: 2019-12-04

Packaged: 2019-12-17 16:52:54

Rating: Teen And Up Audiences

Warnings: Graphic Depictions Of Violence

Chapters: 1

Words: 6,484

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

Richie plays truth or dare with the Losers and it causes chaos throughout the rest of the night

Double Dog Dare

Summer in Derry was always blisteringly painful, headache bearing and stomach churning sick heat always blasted so badly it made it hard to even try and use the public pool to cool down. But tonight Derry seemed to be merciful, cool Summer breezes ran through the thick air. A peaceful winnie in the air that made Richie's stiff shoulders relax and droop as his legs numbly tapped forward from his porch to Bill Denbrough', he could hardly realize he was being bitten alive by bugs and what Eddie liked to call "Little Monsters", he knew he'd get shit about all the diseases he could get while Eddie sprayed him down with God knows what. His mind wasn't there, it was far off in some dreamy dazy, somewhere high with the yellow tinged street lights and the airy whine of his music purring in his headphones.

His body felt like it was floating as he walked up to the front door of Bill's house, his overnight bag swung over one narrow shoulders. His thin frame hugged tightly by a plain, sweat-stained white tank top and jorts covered his freckled legs, ripped up and matted from almost four years of use at this point. He'd had them since he was twelve, he was fifteen now. And man oh man had his looks changed, not. He still had the same slim frame, bony hips and skeleton like fingers, narrow cheekbones and big brown eyes nestled in deep-set eye sockets, rosy pale lips and crooked gapped teeth, same messy mop of raven coils and slumped walk, which didn't do him any favors for his same height of 5'5. Even Eddie, who yes had always been taller than him, totally loomed over him at his measly height of 5'7. Bill? 5'9. Mike? That sucker already stood at 6'1 and could lift any of the Losers without a second thought.

His Mom told him he was just a late bloomer and that he'd catch up soon, but that didn't make the, even if, playful teasing any easier. He carefully slid his headphones down around his craning neck as his fingers carefully pressed down on the pause button on his Walkmen while his other hand lifted to the door, a gentle knock coming from his bony knuckles. He sighed deeply, pushing his glasses back up the

bridge of his nose as he stuffed his hands into his jort pockets. Almost immediately the door whipped open, Richie's eyes slowly lifted up to Georgie who yes, was taller than him despite being what? Ten? Eleven? He didn't keep track. "Hey Shortstack" Richie mumbled, folding his arms over his chest, smiling. "Am I at the wrong house?" he asks, darting a raven brown up in question. "No, there upstairs" Georgie hummed plainly with a shrug of his broad shoulders and gesturing up towards the stairs. "Come in".

Richie slinked inside, a beautifully strange arch to his back while he walked. "You've grown since the last time I saw you" Richie mumbled, sliding his shoes off and putting them in a heap on the ground. Brown leather working boots, Mike's. They were mudded and worn down. Neatly put away red converse, Eddie, no doubts. Flower patterned flats, Beverly. Blue converse, worn and dirty, Bill. Walking shoes, Ben. And neatly put away black walking shoes, Stanley. He sighed and looked up at Georgie, "See ya'round" he said with a firm, brotherly pat to his shoulder as he swung himself around the corner of the stairs as he trotted upstairs with heavy steps.

"Trashmouth! Welcome, Young one" Beverly chirped from her spot on the ground. They were all on the floor in a circle, and seemingly paired up. Bill and Stanley leaning back against the wide footboard of Bill's bed, Mike resting in a bean bag, legs spread and hands resting heavy on his chest. Beverly and Ben laying flat on their backs, hands resting on top of one another. (Richie must say, they were the cutest couple at Derry public highschool so he didn't mind their PDA). And Eddie, leaning against the wall beside Bill's bookshelf, a perfect Richie sized spot beside him. And Richie was swift to fill it, "Hey Bev" he hummed, leaning down to give her a high-five as he piled up beside Eddie. "Doctor K, a pleasure as always" he chided, bowing his head and leaning back. "Hi to you too Richard" Eddie muttered with a harsh toss of his eyes. "What did I miss out on?" he chimed, resting his head against his arms. "Nothing much, just a lot of catching up" Mike's honey smooth voice soothed in the corner, his voice always felt like a nice warm brotherly bear hug. It was nice. "We were waiting for you so we could play Truth or Dare!" Beverly chimed

from the floor, arms held up above her.

Suddenly, the airy love to the room. Like a loving family hug, vanished. Coming and going in a flash and making Richie's stomach dip to the pit of his stomach, his mind immediately being drawn to the worst parts of it. The horribly sick and twisted bits of it, he swallowed heavily and nods weakly. Shaking his head to force away the bad ideas. "Yeah sure that sounds fun" he nods, smiling as he crawled towards the big rug in the middle of the room. Before he could blink, they were huddled up on top of the rug in the middle of the room. The rules were simple, you had to answer every single truth and if a dare was too much, you took a drink from Beverly's beer bottle. Easy and simple.

Things were already a mess before they reached thirty minutes into this wreck, Mike and Richie were the only two who had done every single dare tossed their way. And the whole group was a laughing disaster, only a few things really stood out to Richie though. "Eddie! I dare you to lick the bottom of your shoe!" Beverly chided from her spot beside Ben, snuggled up to his side and giggling her ass off. Eddie's eyes snapped wide open, "Do you know what kind of shit could be on the bottom of my shoe?" Eddie started, yet still standing up. Going on and on and on even when he was downstairs, picking up his set of shoes before swiftly rushing back upstairs. He sat down, "I can't believe I'm doing this, don't tell my Mom. I don't want to be sent to the Hospital this weekend to get every single fuckin' test humanly possible" he complained with a soft grumble and toss of his brown eyes as he lifted the spotlessly clean shoe to his lips.

And with a swipe of the pink muscle over the sole of his shoe, he practically flung it across the room and shot up. Racing into the bathroom and cleaning out his mouth while gagging, the whole room was dead silent as Richie started to clap. "I'm impressed" Richie's voice rasped, and then the room was filled with roars of laughter once again.

A few more rounds came and went faster than Richie's drunken mind could handle, swaying from side to side as freakishly dumb dares and deeply uncomfortable truths were tossed back and forth all around him. "Ben, strip tease" "Beverly, did you really steal those cigarettes?" "Mike, sing that's my kind of night" a dare from a drunkenly giggling Bill and one I do believe everybody was thankful for as Mike's honey smooth voice was even better when he sang, like a comfortingly warm hug but covered in sugar. And then Mike's golden brown eyes slid around the room, hoping from person to person before finally landing right on Richie's flustered drunk face. He furrowed his brows and rests his head against his arms as he thought, tapping his foot against the floor and nodded to himself before finally chiding. "*Truth or Dare, Richie*", the way Mike had said dare struck out to Richie. It was different, some accent coming out from Mike's lips, one that made his stomach flutter with interest and body squirm.

Still hooked like a fish on the way Mike had said the simple four letter words and already drunk from having to pass up on doing five strip teases for Eddie, his lips formed the words faster than his brain could realize what was slipping from his pale lips. "Dare" he replied in a confused daze, like a submissive dog repeating their order, hardly understanding or thinking for himself. Mike's eyes lit up, like he'd just been given a kitten, he readjusted and leaned forward so their noses were nearly touching. "You got a crush on anyone' round here?" Mike's voice purred low and slow, dripping with sugary sweetness and a flurry of an accent that Richie couldn't plant his finger on. It made Richie's stomach swoop but he blinked at the question, finally hitting him what he'd just been asked.

Such an evil little question, though it seemed innocent with the sugary voice that pled it. A quirk of Mike's brow as he leaned back to his previous position. Richie's stomach dropped from the happy, blubby place it had been all the way down and his heart decided to crawl up his throat and press against his Adam's apple. His mind

swiftly running from a good high to a bad deep, somewhere that made himself scared of what his mind could think up. He must of looked like he'd seen a ghost because a worrisome hand settled on his shoulder firmly, Ben. He looked over, pushing his glasses up, "Hey, are you alright?" Ben said sweetly, he was the least drunk here as nobody gave him that harsh of dares or truths. "Yeah.." Richie nodded slowly, leaning back and folding his arms over his chest.

He could simply lie, oh he knew the perfect comeback to a stupid truth like this- "And you can't say Eddie's mom!" Beverly chided in, "Yes, please stop making jokes about my Mommmy.." Eddie slurred in reply, head dipping back and a giggling gasp coming from his throat. Okay, fuck, maybe he didn't have the perfect come back. He swore under his breath. He could say he liked one of the basic blondes at their school, maybe that one blue-eyed girl in his Math class? God dammit what was her name? Betty White? Betty Smith? He couldn't remember, his mind was melting with the stinging buzz of dull, room temperature beer. But what if they teased him for it? Told Betty whatever he "liked" her, then what if for some God awful reason, she liked Richie? And then he'd end up in a fruitless marriage where he didn't love the girl, and they had three kids and lived in some itty bitty town and Richie gets stuck at a 9-5. He couldn't possibly tell the truth, gay? In Derry, Maine? Unheard of. If you're a boy and you hang out with girls who aren't, as Henry Bowers puts it, your bitches or.. Dogs, as Richie believes he said once. Then you are a fairy, or if you hang out with boys and you don't roughhouse, then you are a *fairy* and there's no way around that. And you'd surely become one of Henry Bowers little toys if word got loose, Richie learned that the hard way. He had a matching *H* scared on his lower stomach with Ben, and he hated it with every bone in his body.

A disgusting reminder of the night himself and Conner Bowers, Henry's little cousin, were caught by Patrick Hockstetter.

A chilling breeze whisked through the breezy Summer air, the sun was just

going into hiding behind tall trees and the moon was just rearing his face when Connor dragged Richie down a dirt path. "What if we get caught..?" Richie muttered, pushing his glasses up and tightening his grasp on Connor's hand. "We won't, baby.." Connor whispers, turning to look at him. Bleached-blonde curls covering his face, yet his bright blue eyes were exposed to the shine of the moonlight. They looked like two casples of ocean water, sparkling like gems in his eye sockets. "I'll make sure of it.." Connor smiled, pulling him under a bridge and settling himself down. "C'mere.." Connor whispers, eyes half-lidded and welcomingly warm, the barely there thud of his calloused hands patting his lap made Richie's stomach churn with interest.

He carefully walked over and starting to kneel when Connor's hands grasped his hips and softly pulled Richie into his lap, large palms gliding over his sides. It was hard to think that this all happened just a few weeks back, it made his stomach droop. A hand carefully slid underneath Richie's shirt, fingertips running up his freckled back and run between his shoulder-blades. A playful snicker breaking at the sweet shiver he was rewarded with, "You're so pretty, you know that Rich..?" Connor chided, pulling a blanket out of his backpack and laying it out as he held Richie to his body. "I am..?" Richie's voice tutted as he was carefully laid down on the blanket, "Yeah..So pretty.." Connor whispers, running a hand up his torso.

Before Richie knew it, he was laying shirtless underneath a shirtless Connor. One hand against the back of his head, delicately cradling Richie's head as he was gently forced to dip it back. Lips attacking the length of his pale skin, lips, teeth and tongue work together to rub and kiss along his skin, giving him dark marks. His other hand stroking over his slim frame, fingertips stroking his body. "Oh pretty baby, keep making those noises for me.." he whispers, sucking on his jawline and grinning smug at the airy gasp he was rewarded with from Richie. Connor's hips slowly ground down against his, sucking on his collarbone and giggling at the whines, whimpers and airy gasps from his sweet boy. His fingers grasped at the hem of Richie's jeans, "Gonna make you scream, Tozier..Only if you knew how long I've wanted to do this.." he growled lowly, grinning wicked at the gasp from Richie when he dragged off his

jeans down to his thighs and immediately went for his own jeans.

Things were good, they were good, this was going to be good. Richie's mind was fuzzy and happily warm as he watched Connor tug off his belt and start on his jeans. "Oh my God, Sir!" That all too familiar snapping voice hissed from somewhere far to close. "You have to see this" Patrick Hockstetter growled. Connor's eyes snapped straight to Richie's, there was no way to make this look better. Richie laying underneath Connor, lanky legs laying over Connor's thighs, Connor's spit and dark marks covering Richie's torso, scratch marks on Connor's back from Richie's blunt nails. It was clear what they were seconds from doing.

Richie scrambled, dragging his jeans up and lazily trying to button his jeans as he scrambled to stand but- "Seriously, Baby boy?" Henry's voice chimed, arms tucked over his chest and eyes narrowed. "Cheating on me? With my cousin? Now that's a new low" he grumbled, with a quirked brow. "I think my little baby is in need of a nice punishment, wouldn't you say, Patrick?" Henry's voice was mean and stern as his hand shot out like a snake and pulled Richie to his chest with a harsh grasp. "I think you need to be reminded of who owns your ass!" Henry yelled, grabbing a handful of his raven coils and ramming Richie back to be smashed between himself and Patrick. His eyes snapped towards Connor, who just watched before swiftly standing and scrambling off before he could get dragged into this.

Richie gasped loudly when Patrick slammed a hand over his mouth and stumbled backwards until his back was pressed to the thick base of a tree. Henry dropped to his knees, pushing at Richie's narrow chest. "I'm gonna make you scream..~" Henry purred, smiling wickedly at the terrified look on poor Richie's face. Wide eyes, pupils blown to the same size of silver dollar pancakes. Face pale, all color leaving his body, muscles stiff and body flexing as he tried squirming. Patrick crammed three fingers into Richie's mouth, stroking his hair with his free hand. His feet hooked around Richie's ankles to make sure he couldn't kick. Henry's fingertips pressed down hard on his chest, making Richie gasp around Patrick's

fingers. Henry scrambled through his jean pockets for a swift moment before he carefully pulled out a rather large swiss-army knife. "Pretty choice" Patrick commented, flinching at the evil look he got in reply from Henry.

The first slide of the cold metal made Richie scream and trash, and then the press of the sharp knife tip cut into his pale, freckled skin. Ox red liquid immediately pouring out of his body faster than he could understand, it made his head spin too quickly. "Beautiful.." Henry's voice waived as the letter was shakily cut deep into Richie's lower stomach, Richie's screams muffled by the fingers crammed in his mouth. And then, just like that, it was over. And he was on his knees, panting and holding his stomach as the red sticky liquid gushed out of his stomach.

What felt like hours must of only been a few seconds because when Richie dragged himself out of his own head long enough to look around him, everybody's eyes were hyper-fixed on him. And he hated it. Quickly, he could lie, or tell the truth. He huffed, a roll of his eyes and a tuck of his arms over his chest. "Like I'd tell you, fuckers!" Richie eventually pulled out from somewhere deep in his chest, a cracking slap across the face, clearly filled with lies. But they, in their drunken mindset, swiftly changed the subject before anyone could continue prodding. Richie huffed, leaning back and tugging his knees to his chest as he watched them howl with violent laughter, too focused on their giggles and snickers to notice Eddie's sweet glance glued to Richie.

Around 11PM, Richie carefully stood up. A swift mutter about going to grab a glass of water, and then he trotted downstairs. He carefully flicked the light in the kitchen on, relaxing at the bright glow of white overtaking the kitchen. He opened the cabinet, picking up a glass. He stood there, silent as he looked at himself in the silvery glass. Studying his own facial features in his reflection, his tired under-eye-bags, his pale skin and glassy look. Depressed, distance, untrustworthy, and let's not forget. A disgusting fairy. A horrible,

absolutely terrible, stupid fairy. Unnatural, not human, he was an animal. Something that should be locked up tightly between thick iron bars, shut up tight behind thick glass to keep him away from the public eye. What kind of man would want to be held by another man? What kind of man would want to do what bunnies do with another man? What kind of *human* would want to be held close and told those three sweet words by the same-sex? Not a soul, that's who. He was wrong, he came out messed up and wrong. It already stung enough that he wasn't a girl like his Mother had desired, and that he wasn't manly or a jock like his Father wished for, but a disgusting fag.

He wanted to break the glass, shatter himself into a billion pieces on the cold tile ground. He wanted to rip out the tiny mirrors settled in his skull, he wanted to tear out his hair and rip off his skin and crawl out of it. He was wrong, he was bad, a disgusting man. The ringing in his ears, telling him it was okay was wrong. He needed to rip out the secret siren in his head and strangle it, he couldn't do this. There was too much, he was too much. He shakily lifted his arm, hands trembling as his brain became overflowed with darkness, flowering thoughts planted deep into his head. Tears started to prickle at the corners of his eyes, he wouldn't make it to Collage, that much he could promise about his future.

“Richie?” Eddie’s voice waved from the top of the stairs, a warm river of love flooding into Richie’s body. Drowning him, strangling him. His eyes lifted from the floor to Eddie’s face, Eddie’s beautifully handsome face, the face that haunted his dreams and made it hard to think. “Hey..Hey Richie, what’s wrong..?” Eddie whispered, stepping closer and gently taking the glass from Richie’s high raised hand. But with no replies from Richie, Eddie’s worry grew tenfold. “Hey..Let’s get you back upstairs, alright? We’re gonna order Pizzahut” Eddie chided, trying to cheer him up best he could while he filled up the glass with icy cold water.

Richie crammed a garlic knot into his mouth with a content sigh, relaxing against the wall. Melting into a puddle of mushily happy drunkenness. Beverly looked bored, "What do you guys wanna do?" Ben hummed, rubbing Beverly's shoulder and kissing her ember curls. "Seven Minutes in Heaven?" Mike mumbled, darting a brow up in question. The honey slow dribble of his voice lighting fires in the pit of Richie's stomach, but he held himself together with another garlic knot. "Yeah!" Bill chided, sitting up. When Bill was drunk, the stutter vanished. "I'll get the bottle" he said before swiftly chugging the last few gulps of beer he had left in the brown glass bottle. Richie blinked, looking around with a shaking sigh as he shifted uncomfortably and continued slowly eating and hugging himself with one arm.

The rules were simple; Once it was your turn, spin the bottle, whoever it lands on. You and said person go into Bill's closet, just outside the room for seven minutes and whatever you do in the closet is up to you and the other person. Simple, easy-peasy. If he didn't want to do anything with whoever he went in with, he wouldn't have to. Richie's first spin landed on Mike, and himself and Mike crammed into the small closet. "We don't have to if you don't want to" Mike said softly, sitting down on the floor and tucking his arms over his chest. "..I wouldn't..Really mind.." Richie mumbled, shrugging. "I mean! I'm not gay! But like--" he shrugged, "I think every Loser is in agreement that you Mr. Magic Mike, are the exception" he teased, carefully moving closer. "I am?" Mike asks, quirking a brow. Drunken giggles flowing from Richie as he carefully crawled between his legs and bursting into a happy fit when two large hands engulfed his hips.

Richie couldn't quite understand what people find appealing about the female form, he didn't find any of it attractive nor did he want to touch it in the same way he desired to do with a boy's frame. Maybe it was their figures, or maybe their soft nature, submissiveness? Or maybe it was just the plain fact Richie couldn't really explain why he adored boys so much, it just was a natural thing to him. Of course if he really tried he was sure he could explain it in full-detail, but right

now, none of that mattered because Mike was leaning in. Oh what? Mike was leaning in?

Richie snapped himself from his thoughts and blinked hard when he finally noticed Mike was leaning closer towards his face. Delicately, Mike's fingers lifted his glasses off by carefully grasping the arms of the glasses and settling them down on the floor beside them. "Are you sure you wanna do this?" Mike's voice buzzed, slowly and gently. Richie nodded, "Y..Yeah.." he nods, swallowing thickly. He liked Eddie best, sure, had a massive crush on the other. But as of now, he was with Mike, and Mike was taking care of him in the best way possible.

Two hands gently pressed calloused palms into Richie's freckled cheeks, warmth spreading from Richie's flustered face into Mike's palms and vice versa. Carefully, Mike pulled Richie closer to his body, chests pressed together. Slowly, Mike's plump lips landed on his own chapped lips. Honey warmth and sugary love spreading over his lips, what was supposed to simply be a small peck was swift to do a 360 and become a full-blown kiss. Richie's hands planted on Mike's warm, broad chest. Slowly rising and falling underneath his fingertips, Mike's hands had already migrating down to Richie's jutting hips. Fingers gently digging into his skin, blunt nails worked to the core grasping his Jorts and tugging him closer. Lips slowly working together softly and slowly, Mike's lower lip slid between Richie's lips. A winnie slipping from the base of his throat, low and needy when Mike began sucking on his upper lip.

By the time Bill came up to the door to get them out as it had been seven minutes, Richie's hair was a wreck. Strung out in every which way. Drool soaked upper lip and plumply sucked bottom lip, completely flustered and red when Mike stepped out. Looking the exact same as he had when he stepped in, Mike patted Richie's back and trotted into Bill's bedroom without a second thought, humming contently. Bill snorted, "You've been thro-through it, hm?" he teased, prodding a bony finger to Richie's chest before swiftly joining the others in his bedroom.

After a few more spins and making loud, horribly cussed sex noises with Beverly; Moaning out, pretending he finished and then loudly sobbing for the last minute and a half. Richie spun the brown glass bottle, watching it spin in a hypotonic way before it landed on Eddie Kaspbrak. Eddie-do-not-touch-me-Kaspbrak. The boy who'd been opting out of the making out and just silently sitting in the closet with whoever he went in with. His eyes craned up to Eddie, swallowing heavily as they both rose to their feet. Richie going the darkest splitting shade of red coating his freckled face and ears, blotchy down his neck and shoulders as they both tumbled into the closet faster than anyone else had.

Richie closed the door with a creaky grunt from the handles, he locked it and looked up at Eddie. "So," he started, rocking back and forth on his heels. "So" Eddie replied, scratching the hinge of his jawline. "We don't have to do anything, y'know" Richie's voice was small, shushed, and a barely there whisper. "What if I wanna do something?" Eddie said in stride, quirking a brow and folding his toned arms over his chest. "Would you stop me from doing something?" His questions prodded deep into Richie, wrapping around his heart and squeezing until he felt sick. Pulling his guts out one by one and letting them dangle out of his mouth, shattering the glass orbs in his sockets and breaking his brain in two. "I wouldn't stop you, no" Richie replied after too long of a moment. Eddie's brow darted up in question, a slight tilt to the side and carefully stepping closer to crowd him into the corner. "Yeah? You'd like that wouldn't you, fag" Eddie's voice was sharp, a hissing growl hitting Richie in the gut. "Don't call me that.." Richie said in a stern tone, snapping his head away from Eddie's glaring glance.

The overwhelming feeling of being so much less and smaller next to Eddie felt like a hand wrapped up tight around his throat, thumb pressing in his Adam's apple and knee shoveling into his guts. And not in a nice way, in the worst way possible. He felt worthless underneath Eddie's looming glares, and then hands were slamming

him into the wall. “You know I’d never do that with you right? I’d never fuck you, I’d never kiss you or hold you close to my chest, I’d never be seen in public holding hands with you or get down on one knee for you, I’d never have children with you or cry at an alter watching you walk down the isle. And I would never, *ever* say *I do* for you” his words felt like a harsh slap across the face. Eddie’s hand lifted to his throat and pressed tightly, his knee crammed into his gut and held him to the wall.

Richie’s lungs were tight and dry, empty and deflating like a red balloon forgotten on the sidelines at a child’s birthday party. His throat was cotton and his tongue was a dry sponge, bustles and sore. Eyes snapped huge and pupils blown out of size, face losing color swiftly as his body became limp as noodles. His mind melting numb into pain and lost, “What the *fuck* , Eds?” Richie croaked, was he really about to get attacked for his sexuality by his best friend since pre-k? Did Eddie truly see him as lower and less because of his love and preference for men? In Eddie’s eyes did that really matter more than the friendship they’d been building for years? But more importantly would the other Losers think the same thoughts stroking through Eddie’s brain? Richie Trashmouth Tozier; The Loser amongst *The Losers*, nice ring to it don’t you think?

Suddenly, two hands were tight around his throat. Squeezing until Richie was gasping, pressing harder and harder into his Adam’s apple with the pad of his calloused thumb. Making Richie’s eyes overflow with thick lines of grief and mouth hang open in a desperate offer for air to enter his lungs and yet, the strong feelings Richie felt towards the male holding him down and choking him out for something so stupid as his sexuality were still there and held up strong in prideful strides. This wasn’t his Edward Kaspbrak, this wasn’t Eddie. “Who the fuck are you-” he crooned, slapping at Eddie’s arms and squirming in his grip. “Get off me!” he screamed but nobody came to his side to save him, Eddie giggled airily. “I know who you are..” he whispers, lips loving over the shell of his ear. Cradling his earlobe between his lips, “I know your dirty..Dirty little secret..And I know why you didn’t tell anyone who you love in truth or dare..You don’t want

them to know, do you Rich?" he asks, stroking his cheek with his free hand. Eddie leaned back, eyes pale and milky. Skin nearly grey, and with the next giggle came a gurgling noise in the back of his throat. The tight squeeze on his throat became unbearable as Eddie tossed his head back while roaring with cussed laughter. Stringy, sticky, slick black soup gurgled in the back of Eddie's throat. "Wanna trade spit?" Eddie purred lowly, eyes half-lidded and dark as thick trails of liquid plague streamed down his chin. Richie let out a loud scream when Eddie's hands shifted to his jawline and grasped tightly, mouth hanging open and a snake-like tongue slid out, wiggling around like a worm and lifting closer to Richie's lips. One small run of the muscle over Richie's lips and Richie was shrieking, hitting and kicking violently and slamming fists into whatever he could reach, which he couldn't see, as his eyes were screwed tight and his face was tied up.

"STOP STOP STOP STOP!" Richie shrieked, voice trembling and hands hitting rapidly at the air in front of him. Screams and cries echoing loudly in the Denbrough household, so violent and piercing he hardly noticed when the closet door creaked wide with a soft groan. "R-rich..?" Bill's voice whispered, brows drawing together and a worried frown gracing his lips. Richie's panicked eyes snapped towards Bill's face, "Hey..Hey what's going on..?" Bill stuttered through a yawn, gently helping Richie up. Bill wasn't wearing the baseball tee or the jeans he'd been wearing when Richie first stepped into the closet, he was tied up tight in a baby blue and white striped bathrobe, plaid red boxers and a plain white tank top underneath. "Why aren't you in b-b-b-b-bed?" Bill stammered, frowning with furrowed brows and carefully rubbing his back in a brotherly manner. Richie's brows drew together, confused as his eyes snapped down to his body. Plain white tee, boxers. What he wore to bed. "W..What time is it?" he asks nervously, voice crumbling around the edges and rippled at the corners.

"It's.." Bill looked down at the wrist wrapped tight around his bony wrist, "12:30AM" he muttered tiredly, rubbing his blue eyes. No, that couldn't be. It was just 10:50Pm, he blinked repeatedly as Bill gently led his sleep drunk mind towards his sleeping bag and laid him

down, sitting there beside him until eventually, Richie's eyes slid shut and his mind drifted into dreamland.

The bright sunlight beamed into Richie's eyes, making him grumble and groan in discomfort that was until the sweet smell of pancakes and eggs filled his nose. He carefully sat up in his sleeping bag, rubbing the sleep from his sore brown eyes, as he trotted down the groaning stairs he rubbed the front of his swan like neck. His mind barely remembering how he'd screamed the lining of his throat raw the night, the only thing his mind remembered was Eddie pining him flat to the wall and calling him horrible things while tightening his fist around his throat. He stretched and scratched his lower stomach, "Good-mhfm--morning" he muttered through a yawn and a hand scrubbing over his tired face. "Morning, Rich!" Eddie chimed, looking over at the taller. His brows drawing together in confusion when he saw how stiff Richie turned upon hearing his voice, the same fuzzled rasp that he'd used in the closet.

Richie's eyes snapped away and screwed to lock dead on Mike, the same golden sun halo he always had beaming around him from the open window above the stove. Richie relaxed, shoulders drooping, maybe the strong feelings he owned for Eddie were leaving. He carefully walked up beside Mike, "Blueberries or bananas?" Mike asks, side eyeing him and quirking a brow gently at the end of his question. "Bananas please.." Richie mumbled, leaning against the counter as he quietly watched him flip a perfectly golden brown pancake and slid it onto a plate. And soon enough Mike held out the plate for Richie, his eyes dropping to be half-lidded when their fingers sweetly brushed over each-other. "Thank you, Mike.." he whispers, smiling. But nobody seemed to be paying attention to the two, expect maybe Eddie. The jealous radiating off him was like toxic fumes, he grumbled, chewing on his fingertips as he carefully cut up his pancakes and set them on his tongue.

Richie sat down nearby Beverly, giving her a gentle smile but leaving

her alone mostly as he knew she was tired and preferred to keep to herself when she was near falling asleep at the breakfast table. "How'd you sleep, Richie?" Eddie asks, trying to fake Mike's honey dribbled voice but it came out more mockingly and drew the attention of the tallest, who quirked a brow and gave him a questioning look before returning to making a fast asleep Stanley his sunny-side up eggs. "I'd really prefer not to speak with you right now, Eddie" Richie muttered, carefully cramming a few more pancakes into his mouth with a sigh. Uncontent, uncomfortable, tired, *fearful*.

Eddie's heart clenched, his eyes squinted and lips became a pout. "Alright then.." Eddie mumbled, cramming a forkful of pancake into his mouth. With an uncomfortable sigh, he leaned back. "Do you need to talk about anything?" Eddie asks, pushing his limits with a quirked brow. "No" Richie grumbled in reply, he crossed his legs. Half-way through Richie eating, Mike leaned over and set a glass of water down for him before sitting down beside him, eating his own breakfast of an apple. "Thank you, Mike" Richie whispers, heart fluttering and swelling faster than he could handle.

Each Loser took their own way home, in twos or threes. Stanley, Beverly and Ben lived closest to one another so they went home in their group, while Richie, Mike and Eddie lived within ten minutes of each-other. Richie paddled down the rode between Eddie and Mike, all three of them snickering and laughing together happily. And at one point, they pulled up to the street himself and Eddie both lived on. Right across from one another, what had seemed like a blessing for years. Living right across from your bestest friend in the whole wide world? Just a simple skip across the road? Yeah well now it felt like a nightmare, he felt unsafe and unsure of Eddie. Mike gently planted a firm hand on Richie's shoulder, dragging him in for a squeeze. "Take care, Rich. If you need me, you know where to find me" he said in his smooth and loving voice before pulling back. "Bye Eddie" he chided before disappearing behind the bush. Eddie's eyes snapped towards Richie, "Can you *please* explain to me why in the world you won't talk to me?" Eddie pled, voice nearly begging.

“Because of what you did last night!” Richie yapped.

“What do you mean?” Eddie snarled, already becoming snappy with the other, rude and hissing growls coming from between his rosy lips. “You grabbed me! You pinned me to the wall and strangled me! You called me a faggot! You said I was disgusting and that you’d never love me!” Richie yelled, “You tried hurting me because I’m gay! That’s not fucking right, Eddie! I already know I’m a monster! Thanks for the sweet reminder! I can’t fucking believe you sometimes, I’ve never felt less human and more animal in my life” he yelled before slamming a hand over his mouth. He spun around and scrambled into his house, slamming the door shut with a mighty slam. Leaving Eddie in the front yard, staring in shock and awe. Did Richie truly not remember what happened last night? Did he really not remember their lips connecting? Or his hands holding Richie’s hips tight and close to his body? Or that Bill had to come get them after twenty minutes because they got so caught up?

Eddie’s heart felt like it was being squished, he couldn’t think properly and with that, he spun around and raced into his house, ignoring his Mother’s open arms and having zero clue that Richie was on the floor of his bedroom floor. Screaming into his pillows and bawling his pretty puppy eyes out until his throat was so raw and red it bled, and his lungs became dry and shriveled as the day sank into nothing and became a faded memory in the back of Losers mind as they became older and dropped like flies from Derry one by one.

A fight that would never be solved and a simple night that destroyed a friendship.

Author's Note:

Please leave comments/feedback, I live off it~ <3 -
Love, L